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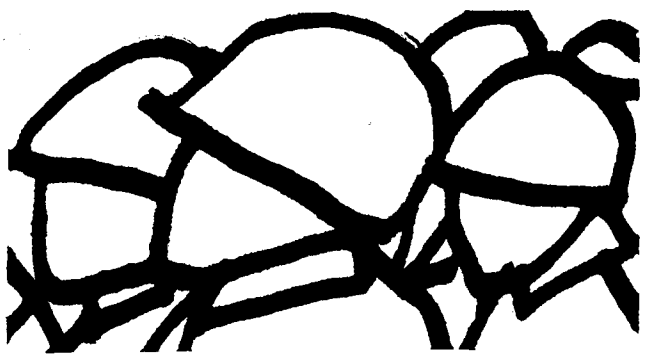

MILITARY JUSTICE AND CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS
MURRAY POLNER

ONE BIG UNION FOR THE BLUE MEANYS
JOSEPH HILL

IL PAPA AND THE PILL
LEONARD J. BERRY

OPPENHEIMER ON STAGE
GERARD WEALES

GOLDMAN'S LYNDON REX
ROBERT SHERRILL

HUMANISM OF JASPERS
NORBERT J. RIGALI

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NEWS AND VIEWS

"I can remember when the academic life was a meadow of meditation in an island of tranquility," Hubert Humphrey commented in meeting his first teaching classes at Macalester College. "Now the president and faculty get combat pay."

It's only a slight exaggeration. And the war is just beginning.

Not only that, it's extending—from the university to the high school, and now into the lower grades.

This is the conclusion of the first national survey of the nature and extent of student activism, released at the San Francisco convention of the National Association of Secondary School Principals (NASSP).

The survey shows protest as likely to occur in the junior high school as the senior high (56 percent of junior high principals report protest activity, compared to 59 percent in high schools), with dissent moving inexorably downward through the grades.

Student complaints range from dress and hair regulations to smoking rules and censorship of school papers. "However," says *Education U.S.A.*, "many principals believe the real target of all the protesting is 'society in general' or 'the system.' "

And there are no sanctuaries. City and suburban schools are experiencing protests at the same rate—67 percent. In the rural areas the percentage drops to 53, but that's still on the strong side of half.

Education U.S.A. summed up by quoting a school official: "To be a principal in times like these is not for the fainthearted—and we're just getting started on this protest business."

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The infinite capacity of Establishments to deradicalize movements which seek their reform appears not to have exempted the National Federation of Priests' Councils, the once-maverick coordinating body of independent associations of U.S. Catholic priests.

Whispers have been circulating for some time that the NFPC was suffering a serious case of institutionitis. Federation president Father Patrick O'Malley gave the reports credence at a news conference March 5 at New York's Overseas Press Club.

"We are not extremists of either the right or the left. We are in the center—the middle," he remarked. A federation spokesman picked up the echo: "Ours is a centrist organization proceeding responsibly in a dialogue fashion."

The point needn't have been restressed. The message came through early. About the time O'Malley was explaining why the federation did not take a position on the birth control controversy as such, and why it would not consider hiring a former priest as a full-time executive secretary.

He programmed for all the world like a man out of the Chicago or New York Chancery.

Which was not what newsmen expected of the chief spokesman of an organization thought to be revolutionary. The coverage reflected the surprise. The *Times* story was four days in appearing, and then was buried on page 68 among the Sunday ads.

The NFPC news conference was called to announce vol. 1, no. 1 of *Priests' Forum*, a magazine which proposes to address itself to "the pressing issues in the Church today," particularly as these relate to priests. Like due process in the Church, relationships with the laity, married priesthood, etc.

There's lots of room for such a magazine, but not if it is going to be as circumspect and deferential as those who announced it. A better bet might be *The Priest*, a long-time entry in the field, which has adopted a new format, taken on a new advisory board, and has the resources to do a real job.

•

The *New York Times* and *Newsweek* caught up with the story of Clark Clifford's metamorphosis from hawk to dove and his role in affecting the Johnson bombing halt, but they were a month in doing it.

The *Times'* account reached print March 7 and 8, and *Newsweek*'s two-page piece by Charles Roberts appeared in its March 10 issue. In sum, they were little more than wordy restatements of Henry Brandon's article in the Feb. 9 *London Times* and the *Washington Post* "insight" report, also of Feb. 9. The dependence on Brandon seemed strong; e.g.:

Brandon—"Mr. Clifford returned to Washington with a sense of uneasiness . . . Gradually a deeper and deeper conviction gripped him that the United States could not win a military victory under the restrictions laid down by the President."

Roberts—"One who knows him well put it this way: 'Clifford first developed an uneasiness, then doubts, and finally a conviction that the war could not be won militarily under the ground rules laid down by LBJ.' "

James Reston in his March 9 column scolded the men who served Johnson for their reticence about "telling the whole story" of the Vietnam policy shift. "Accordingly," he wrote, "it is being left to the newspaper and magazine reporters to dig around in the State Department dust heap . . ." Which is true enough, except that only a few are going deeply into the dust.

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From *Newsweek*, March 17, 1969:

LETTERS

'For the Commonweal'

(If all U.S. senators worked for the commonweal with the dedication and courage that Sen. George McGovern of South Dakota does, pov rty and h ger (NATI AL AFFA S, M ?) cou n d fr ir nl

No thanks, we have problems enough.

•

One analysis of the problem at San Francisco State College: it is caused by black anti-semanticism.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Hidden Subsidy

Ottawa

To the Editors: To incur an interest in the Dominican Republic exposes one to the possibility of infection with a chronic and probably incurably terminal concern for some of God's loveliest people. Ruth Shereff qualifies as one of those so afflicted ["Yes, We Have No Bananas," Jan. 17]. In pleasant prose she has revealed the complexities of U.S. foreign aid and the reluctance of people familiar with it to enthuse over more of the same, at least until its aims and methods are sufficiently clarified.

Few can warm up to government pleas for more foreign aid until the U.S. agrees to bestow its assistance through sophisticated international agencies to guarantee that such assistance is not a hidden subsidy to American business interests. If other nations must purchase General Motors products even when such goods are more costly or less perfect than similar Japanese or German goods, then the entire program is suspect.

Meanwhile, the only alternative for Latin Americans waiting for some type of effective exterior grants will be governments on either the far left or the far right, the latter so well known to cowed Dominicans.

Numerous government and Church workers labored endlessly and diligently to make society viable once again in the Republic during the early days following the 1965 revolution. Even many American soldiers, both officers and enlisted men, endeared themselves to the people by contributing to this task, in spite of the plentiful philosophical and political misgivings about their presence. But so far as is known few American businessmen so distinguished themselves.

Miss Shereff deserves congratulations for calling attention to a country that can become another Cuba or another Puerto Rico. Unfortunately much of the

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NUCLEAR LOGIC

Before the great powers learned to stop worrying and love the bomb, the world happily calculated its destruction according to the tolerable zoning laws of TNT. When atomic energy opened up new vistas on annihilation, this provincial way of thinking gradually surrendered to a higher rationale. During the early years of megatonnage, however, there were quite naturally some excesses of enthusiasm. At this time American policy was based on the principle—"If you've got it, flaunt it." In this connection one will recall Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Shortly after these indiscretions a couple from Brooklyn told the Russians our secret formula and purportedly started, among other things, the Korean war. Fortunately, neither side wanted to play for big stakes in this one; they were rather saving for another day.

Then, from out of the cold fifties emerged a new theory named deterrence. According to an improvised nuclear logic, deterrence became the only means of postponing Armageddon. Here's the way our reasoning proceeds (and presumably the Russians are partisan, although who can really trust them, right?): the enemy is deterred if and only if he believes his country will suffer a second-strike backlash so terrible that any pre-emptive attack spells suicide instead of advantage. To convince the enemy of this inevitability, the other nation readies a surplus of warheads, say four times the capacity of the alleged aggressor and ten times over the kill necessary to obliterate his land. When the enemy attempts to protect his capital city with an obsolete defense system, thus affronting the other side's offensive invincibility, the arms race begins to spiral even though the enemy's provocation is later removed. If a third power gets into the act with a few creaky ICBMs and no tradition of fairplay, then national security is in danger. Deterrence loses its flavor overnight and terror is temporarily unbalanced. The only way out is to make deterrence more deterrent. This is accomplished by hardening second-strike retaliation against an undeterred red enemy and preparing against an equally unbowed yellow peril.

Nuclear fideists accept this sort of logic. With faith in the military-

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industrial and belief in the untestable Sentinel operation, they gladly offer up billions to these newest salvific phalli of atomic redemption. Nuclear agnostics are not so certain. They challenge the fideist credo on several grounds. The major objection to Nixon's "measured deployment" proposal is its open-ended possibilities. For a corollary of fideist logic declares, "What can be, must be." If a thin system is feasible, then why not a thick one to be really sure? Indeed, once the Sentinel system gets its limited number of silos, it won't be all that difficult to lobby for more. The "end-of-the tunnel" crowd at the Pentagon has already proven its persuasive powers. "There is a kind of mad momentum." McNamara warned in 1967 when he announced the go-ahead for a Chinese-oriented Sentinel, "intrinsic to the development of all nuclear weaponry. If a weapons system works—and works well—there is a strong pressure from many directions to procure and deploy the weapon, out of all proportion to the prudent level required. The danger in deploying this relatively light and reliable system is going to be that pressures will develop to expand it into a heavy Soviet-oriented ABM system."

Nixon's apologia leans on three points which have been dismissed many times over. First, we must protect our already hardened missile sites against weightier Russian warheads. This implies our 4-1 nuclear superiority counts precious little as deterrent: an assumption Nixon could not seriously entertain. Then what to do in the future when the thin system becomes insufficient against more sophisticated Russian ICBMs? Shall we then simply back up the thin with a thick and the thick with a thicker? Nixon's logic has no end in time. Secondly, the Chinese security blanket has even less plausibility. Why should they be in any rush for extinction in the '70s? What hard intelligence do we have indicating the Chinese menace is anything more than an occidental smokescreen? Thirdly, the accidental factor makes surface sense, but it is not enough to rescue credibility for the ABM.

Between nuclear fideism and agnosticism, there is the middle ground of nuclear realism. Nixon may be heading in that direction if he uses "measured deployment" as a bargaining position with the Russians. If he gambles on peace the way Pascal wagered on heaven, perhaps the Sentinel will not be our early warning signal of doom.

NATIONAL IMAGE

Swedish sociologist Gunnar Myrdal says the world has turned radically against the United States in the handling of its internal racial crisis. The reason: the Vietnam war. Before our involvement in what is widely viewed as a colonial and racist war, the U.S. was not seen as a South Africa. Now it is.

Americans won't like Myrdal's judgment; it doesn't fit our benign self-image or the undeniably pleasant notion that progress is being made on the racial issue. Admittedly the evidence on this goes two ways.

On the positive side, a Bureau of the Census report indicates that income and education among Negroes are improving, with the difference in schooling between whites and Negroes described as having "narrowed substantially between 1960 and 1968." In 1960, for example, central-city Negroes 25 to 29 years old had completed a median 11.4 years in school; in 1968 this figure was increased to 12.2, while white educational attainment remained almost unchanged at 12.6 years. As far as income was concerned, Negro family income has gone up steadily since 1960 at a faster rate than that of white families. Further, the earnings of Negro women now come close to matching those of white women in year-round jobs.

So much for the bright side. Negatively, it must be granted that the earnings of Negro men still lag substantially behind those of white men. The unemployment of black teenagers has grown worse rather than better, increasing from 22.7% in 1960 to 30.4% last year, as compared with white teenager unemployment of 12.3%. And perhaps most disturbing of all for long-range significance is evidence that 39% of all Negro children last year lived in homes lacking at least one parent—a figure up from 29% in 1960. One need not buy all the implications of the Moynihan report to be disturbed by this figure.

A year ago the President's National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders warned: "Our nation is moving toward two societies—one black, one white, separate and unequal." Recently two private civic groups, Urban America and Urban Coalition, warned that the nation has failed to cure what was officially described as the cause of the problem, white racism, or to reverse the dangerous direction in which the United States is moving. "We are a year closer to two societies—black and white, increasingly separate and scarcely less equal." A year ago the Presidential Commission was distressingly accurate in its short-range prediction of what would happen if we did not manage major change: substantial improvement, such as that described by the Bureau of Census report, but not enough to put a stop to the polarization of the races in this country. Since then, police-citizen estrangement in the ghettos has worsened; crimes of violence have increased; structural changes needed to make local governments more responsive have been rare; white flight to the suburbs has increased; disorders on the nation's campuses have begun to take on a racial character. In short, as the two urban groups pointed out, "If the Commission is equally correct about the long run, the nation in its neglect may be sowing the seeds of unprecedented future disorder and division."

This, of course, is the point. It is not enough to lament disorders when they occur; we must take responsible

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action to remove the causes of such strife. And this action must include massive governmental effort in the economic and educational areas; too many people, inside and outside the government, imagine that tax-incentive programs can replace large-scale government action; they cannot. Unless we take drastically more ambitious action than is now planned, the nation will continue to move closer and closer to two societies—two societies, it should be emphasized, which will not only be separate; they will be increasingly embittered, increasingly at war with each other. No one can say we were not warned, by Myrdal and many more.

One Big Union For the Blue Meanys

If there is anything predictable about the annual mid-winter meetings of the AFL-CIO Executive Council in Bal Harbour, Florida, it is the gin rummy games which George Meany and his cronies get up every afternoon for much of two weeks. The only radical departure from routine this year was the chilly weather, which chased the participants from poolside to the $100-a-day suites of Council members, which is the going in-season rate even for such familiar guests at the Americana.

In what must surely be one of the inexplicable contradictions of this last third of the twentieth century, two dozen old men (average Council member age: 67) whose individual annual incomes rival that of any corporate executive president (Meany's is $70,000 annually, topped by a few others including the Maritime Union's Joe Curran, who gets $100,000 a year), sit in America's pleasure spots and issue manifestos in the name of 13-million plus workers. While it may be argued that the blue collar worker has himself gone middle class (but hardly, in any appreciable numbers, "affluent") and no longer has a set of priorities which include anything but a fatter pay envelope, the discontent evident even among the better-paid industrial workers and the formation of black caucuses within various unions would seem to suggest storm warnings other than the familiar ones on Florida's east coast.

"Organize the unorganized" is one of those slogans the sign painters' local has a standing order for when labor conventions get a surge of militancy, but it is largely a bitter promise to textile workers in the South, farm workers in California and others who have heard the brave talk before. One AFL-CIO functionary in Bal Harbour confided that in his circuit of state and regional conferences "about the only time anybody gets excited or their consciences are pricked is when a representative of the grape-strikers makes an appeal. And usually he is the only guy in the house without a necktie."

It was the dramatic grape strike which also reminded labor of the traditional role of his old enemy, the cop. And in recent weeks striking oil workers in Richmond, Calif., steelworkers in Houston and textile workers in South Carolina—on the working end of a billy club or witness to the heavy hand of police power—have again demonstrated that when large corporate establishments are challenged, law enforcement invariably becomes an extension of that corporate will.

If the blatent anti-union role of the California State Police in Delano or the Texas Rangers in Houston were of concern to some labor leaders, not so to George Meany in Bal Harbour. He was formalizing procedures for the affiliation of a national union of policemen, which he said would have jurisdiction over a potential 300,000 state, county and local cops. Presumably, once affiliated the new Federation of Policemen, AFL-CIO would continue in their line of duty when it calls for escorts to strikebreakers, or the preservation of "law and order" during organization campaigns.

If this seems incongruous enough, one might begin to speculate upon the role which the new "trade union" policemen will play when called upon to meet coming crisis in the ghetto and new confrontations with black power—including largely black and Puerto Rican memberships in militant unions such as New York's Drug and Hospital Workers. It was the Hospital Workers' magazine which recently printed side-by-side pictures of the 1937 Memorial Day Massacre of steelworkers and the 1968 student-police encounter, reminding its members that in both instances it was Chicago cops "preserving the public order." Black union members, as one organizer recently observed, don't have to learn about the conflict of the 30's to make a correct association with a nightstick or a policeman.

Nucleus: New York?

New York's 23,000-member Patrolmen's Benevolent Association may be the nucleus around which Meany will build his union cops, and he has already reported "extremely friendly" talks with PBA President John J. Cassese. One can only speculate upon the type of social action which Brother Cassese will follow once he is a labor leader, knowing past PBA positions or pronouncements on police review boards, the Kerner Commission, the Walker Commission, anti-poverty and community action programs. Few knowledgable New Yorkers would dispute that were the cop vote the only one counted, George Wallace would have carried the city and Bill Buckley would be mayor.

Some old trade union hands say flatly that a cop has no more business being in a union than does the boss, but this may be a too-simple and fallacious analogy. The policeman as wage-earner is in the same bag as any other public employee, with the additional physical risks

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on the job as well as a generally unsympathetic enviroment in the central city. And among the middle class which applauds law and order, he is expected to perform both of these without making noises like a breadwinner.

Yet, without denying the policeman's right to decent working conditions and earnings, there is forceful argument that the traditional role of the policeman places him in conflict with the history, objectives and present social consciousness of the labor movement, however muted the latter may be today. Interestingly enough, Boston's police organization has taken over the leadership of those groups opposed to union affiliation. It was just fifty years ago that the police were brutally crushed in Boston when they formed a union and became the first public employees to strike. Most labor historians agree that it was through betrayal by the AFL that the strike was suppressed, a bit of history apparently remembered by some Boston bluecoats.

While there have been some reports of hesitancy from Council members who recognize that cop confrontations in strikes are still a very real factor (the same week the president of the Oil, Chemical & Atomic Workers was seated as a new Council member, strikers from his union were beaten by police on the picket line in Richmond), if Meany wants a union of cops, he will no doubt get it. In one sense, it would complement in domestic policy the dilemma which the AFL-CIO has painted itself in foreign affairs in isolating itself from the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions: both actions retreat the Federation into the sterile backwaters of anti-Communism, becoming what some pragmatic professionals such as Jesse Unruh are already calling "politically and socially irrelevant."

JOSEPH HILL

(Joseph Hill is a pseudonym for a journalist specializing in labor affairs.)

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CIPHERS AND SYMBOLS

KARL JASPERS: THE INWARD PATH

History takes time to evaluate the significance of individuals, and Karl Jaspers will be no exception to this universal law. Waiting on history, the present must note the passing of a great man. He himself would say that the meaning of the past is never completed and remains always open to what it can become for the historical moment. But if it is impossible to know what place Jaspers will occupy in the work of tomorrow's historians, it can be said now that he has stood forth as the symbol and representative of an authentic humanism for our time.

Although his name and fame have been linked mainly with existentialism, he was a late-comer to philosophy. When he began his philosophical career at the age of forty, he had already established himself in the field of psychiatry and had published works which are still read and translated a half-century later. And before he entered psychiatry, he had briefly considered law his vocation. From law to psychiatry to existence-philosophy, Jaspers' intellectual journey was a profound humanistic quest for the meaningfulness of life. He saw his own thought from its inception as dominated and directed by the desire for universal, limitless communication among men.

This desire sprouted naturally in the soil of his early loneliness and the feeling of being an outsider, which are poignantly described in his autobiography. Time would prove, however, that his youthful isolation merely presaged the profound alienation which National Socialist Germany would bring into his life. Dismissed from his professorial position at Heidelberg in 1937 and forbidden by the government to publish in the following year, Jaspers became a stranger in his own land. But this was only the beginning of a situation which would deteriorate to the point where only through the arrival of American troops did he escape being sent with his Jewish wife to death in a concentration camp. "A German cannot forget," he wrote, "that he owes his and his wife's life to Americans against Germans who in the name of the National Socialist German State wanted to destroy him."

In the wake of World War II his philosophy presented a new emphasis. Whereas his earlier thought had developed around the Kierkegaardian notion of the individual person as existence, Jaspers had experienced in the irrationality of life during the war years the desperate need for a return to reason. Thus, his philosophical works began to focus more on reason than on existence, and they appeared under titles like "Reason and Anti-Reason in Our Time" and "The Atom Bomb and the Future of Mankind." But from beginning to end Jaspers' philosophy remained an urgent call to men to enter deeply into themselves in order to discover within themselves the source of authentic humanity. For this reason he could define the entire philosophical enterprise as "an appeal to possible existence."

Through Kant's discovery of transcendental consciousness Jaspers perceived the path by which a man can enter into himself and find a reality which transcends all objectifications of conceptual or scientific knowledge: the reality of the self in its freedom in relation to Transcendence, God. Kant had shown him man's transcendence vis-à-vis the world and the dignity of the human person. Consequently, although his own thinking is to a great extent the opposite pole of Kant's, for Jaspers Kant was "*the*

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philosopher." And as his own philosophy began to center more on reason, the value of Kant in his eyes could hardly be diminished. Indeed Kant's pioneering of the road of inwardness was seen by Jaspers as the end of creative metaphysics in the West. The task of philosophy is no longer to create truths but to appropriate the truth into one's own life and to learn to live from this source. Jaspers therefore warned his readers that they would look in vain for doctrines in his philosophy. The truth is the truth by which men live, and his philosophy is not more truths but a pointing of the way toward living by truth itself.

As a number of philosophers before him, Jaspers eventually—in his monumental work on truth, which was originally projected as only the first of three volumes on philosophical logic—came to regard his own philosophy as the culmination of Western thought. He believed that his philosophy was the ground of universal communication beyond all disagreements in the history of philosophy and all present differences of religious beliefs. Ultimate truth, he held, is present to man only through ciphers or symbols. The historic metaphysical systems and the great religions of the world are so many objectifications and symbols of the ultimate, non-objectifiable reality which is "the encompassing." The mistake which men are prone to make is to consider their symbols as the reality itself. In this way they come both to lose sight of the encompassing transcendence upon which authentic human existence is based and to put forth fanatical claims of possessing the absolute truth exclusively. If symbol is not mistaken for reality, then truth is seen to be historical and possessed by a person only within the context of his historical tradition with its distinct and limited mode of symbolizing it. Truth is attainable only through historical ciphers, but they are not the truth which transcends them all. Philosophy no longer needs to devise new systems, which in the final analysis are only ciphers. It must now preach to men the need for conversion to an authentic life in relation to Transcendence. It must take over the task of religion to the degree that religion, especially Roman Catholicism, teaches the absoluteness of its symbols and thus prevents man from living in relation to the true absolute of Transcendence. Accordingly, Jaspers saw the "philosophical faith" which he proclaims as incompatible with religious faith.

Nevertheless, since his purpose was to promote communication among all, he strove mightily on many occasions to present religious faith as an equally valid alternative. But to do this, he had to struggle against himself. For his philosophy is, in its deepest dimension, a reaction against and a secularization of Christianity—a fact which is most easily discernible in his philosophy of history and in his short work on *Nietzsche and Christianity*. Despite his best efforts to the contrary, Jaspers' fundamental attitude toward Christianity remained of necessity polemical.

Catholic philosophers like Dewart and Fontinell and theologians like Dulles and Baum would willingly concede a great deal of truth to Jaspers' view of religion inasmuch as it indicates a relativity in the truth of dogmas, which historical consciousness in the Church now admits and classical consciousness still adamantly denies. Where Christian thought must part ways with Jaspers (who despite his philosophical, non-religious faith chose to consider himself a Protestant) is his rather arbitrary, *a priori* denial of the possibility of supernatural revelation and the Incarnation. His simple argument that, if divine revelation had happened, man would not be free, appears more quaint and curious than weighty in this day and age, and his insistence that no man is God is more a new dogma about Jesus than the transcending of all dogmas.

Being human, Jaspers in his attempts to establish the ground of unlimited communication did not succeed in an unlimited way. Convinced of the merely relative value of all objective truth, he frequently betrayed an astonishing ignorance of and inability to "hear" positions with which he was supposedly holding dialogue. As recently as 1962 he published a lengthy encounter of his philosophy with Christian faith (English edition, *Philosophical Faith and Revelation*, 1967) which in large part equated Christianity with Augustinianism and showed virtually no acquaintance with contemporary theology, either Protestant or Catholic. Particularly unfortunate was a discussion with Rudolf Bultmann (*Myth and Christianity*), in which the theologian justifiably pointed out to Jaspers that instead of discussing he was making *ex cathedra* pronouncements. Eventually Bultmann with good reason terminated the exchange abruptly. It was because of numerous lapses of this sort that Vorgrimler, Rahner's theological collaborator, was provoked to turn the tables and characterize Jaspers' thought as "philosophy without communication."

Hannah Arendt once enthusiastically described Karl Jaspers as the only follower whom Kant ever had. It is highly unlikely that this is the way in which he will be seen by tomorrow's historian of philosophy. It is even less likely that his work will be seen, as Jaspers himself saw it, as the culmination of Western thought. If a guess may be hazarded, it seems that the thought of Karl Jaspers, like that of John Dewey in this country, will be seen as part of a movement in Western culture during a critical point of its history, a movement in which speculative thought renounced definitively all concern with angels on pinheads and enlisted itself totally in the service of mankind. Whatever place history will assign to Karl Jaspers, there will endure in Germany and throughout the world memories of a good man, who tried greatly to awaken the human conscience and to enlarge the boundaries of human communication and who succeeded somewhat in doing these things.

NORBERT J. RIGALI

(Father Norbert J. Rigali, S.J., is a Research Associate at the Cambridge Center for Social Studies.)

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18-MINUTE VERDICT

MILITARY JUSTICE & CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS

Murray Polner

William Harvey and George Daniels have much in common. They are both black, twenty and ex-marines. Today they are also both in the U.S. Naval Disciplinary prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Fifteen months after enlistment they were found guilty by a marine court-martial and sentenced to six (Harvey) and ten years (Daniel), plus dishonorable discharge and forfeiture of all allowances for violating catch-all Article 34 of the Universal Code of Military Justice (UCMJ) and "making statements with the intent to interfere with, impair, influence the loyalty, morale, and discipline of a member of the USMC."

In the summer of 1968 both Harvey and Daniels were charged, tried and adjudged guilty—in Daniels' case in eighteen minutes—and given extraordinarily draconian sentences. Yet, this was not an uncommon ritual. The military services like to deal with their own almost *in camera,* without the attendant publicity and hoopla of civilian trials, not because they have anything to hide but rather because for them it is a kind of continuum, another link in the hoary shibboleth that the armed forces always act with dispatch and efficiency. In spite of the introduction of the UCMJ in 1951, the military have nearly always acted as masters in their own homes, rarely countermanded by civilian courts, arbiter of the destiny of millions of conscriptees, and firm in the belief that this arrangement was the best for all concerned.

Normally, then, the court-martial is held and that's that. A few cases are thrown out by higher military appellate courts but in the vast majority the original verdict, if not always the sentence, stands. The Harvey and Daniels case was no exception. It was overlooked by the press (black and white) and TV until Harvey got word out to the American Civil Liberties Union and its chief counsel Melvin Wulf. Even now the ACLU has been unable to interest anybody except Andy Stapp's miniscule American Servicemen's Union.

The reason for this is not hard to find. The educated public is not yet aware of a poorly hidden dispute about to surface within the military establishment and which can be traced directly to the turmoil of the 1960's: should the Bill of Rights and the First Amendment in particular include the man in uniform? Can enlisted men and officers be forbidden the right to discuss among themselves and even publicly the merits of Vietnam, the ferment in the cities, the oil depletion allowance, subsidies, race, indeed things that anyone outside the services can talk about freely?

"Now the question is being raised," reports the Workers Defense League, an organization active in defending servicemen in court martials (and which includes among its National Board members Daniel Bell, Ossie Davis, Michael Harrington, Nat Hentoff, Murray Kempton, Dave McReynolds, Bayard Rustin, Joseph Rauh, Roy Wilkins and Al Shanker of the UFT), "of whether or not civil liberties are feasible within the military structure and whether or not men in the armed forces have constitutional rights that are not superseded by the UCMJ." Put another way, is the old system out of date? If they were ever right, are they justified today?

Observers like Army General Counsel Robert E. Jordan III have started to question the old notion that the unique character of the military always limits an army of conscriptees' opinions. "I personally reject the view," Jordan has written, "that those who enter military service

MURRAY POLNER *teaches at Suffolk County Community College and is engaged in writing a book on the Vietnam veteran.*

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perform in an enclave where the Constitution—including the First Amendment—has no application."

For William Harvey and George Daniels it all began on a hot summer afternoon in late July, 1967, in Camp Pendleton, California. A group of marines, mostly black, sat under a tree eating, talking, arguing and listening to a record player.

Exactly what happened there (and later that evening, after chow) on July 27th is a matter of dispute. Marines dropped by on both occasions, spoke their minds or simply listened, and then casually drifted away. For many of them, as their testimony at the court-martial later revealed, it was of no special significance, just another bull session. One Pfc. thought it was a hootenanny. Others disagreed and said more serious matters had been discussed. But to the Marine Corps it was perfectly clear: Harvey and Daniels, they charged, were guilty of breaking Art. 34.

The official allegation was that in the two gatherings both men had described Vietnam as "a white man's war" that no black man could in good conscience support while their own people were suffering in this country. The Corps also charged that they encouraged other marines to avoid service in Vietnam.

To all this Harvey and Daniels answered yes. They did make certain statements as charged but with this one crucial difference: Everything they said in Pendleton was in "open discussion," a right they held as American citizens. These opinions, they declared, were a natural expression of concern about matters which meant very much to them, but in no way had they ever tried to persuade others to disobey orders.

During their trials several witnesses also remembered Harvey and Daniels urging them to "stick together" and "request mast," the latter an official method of jumping the normal marine chain of command in order to see the commanding officer about a pressing personal problem. One need not reveal to any superior except the C.O. the reason for the request, nor can one be punished—at least not publicly—for making one.

Nonetheless, the Corps was already watching Daniels closely. A graduate of Andrew Jackson High School in Queens, he began turning toward the Black Muslims at boot camp in Cherry Point, North Carolina, and by the time he arrived at Pendleton he was marked as a bad penny, an agitator suspected of preaching black separatism and opposition to the war the Corps was called to wage.

On the other hand, Harvey was an anonymous graduate of Brooklyn's Boys High School. He enlisted in June, 1966, met Daniels, thought a great deal about "events" and by July 27th had made up his mind. The next day, a Friday, he reported to Company Headquarters and told S/Sgt. William Melton he wanted to "request mast for personal reasons having to do with fighting a war." Apparently he also told Melton that "about fourteen" others also wanted to see the C.O. Melton, by now growing concerned, asked who they were.

Late the same day a few more black marines fell out to ask for mast. Afterwards, at the trial, some of them said they had been "encouraged" by Harvey to do so. One Pfc. testified that he told him "It was a white man's war . . . and that the colored man had no right to go over there and fight and then have to come back here and fight." Still another added "He (Harvey) was going to request mast and refuse to go to Vietnam and fight the white man's war."

Harvey himself was called in for an interview with another non-com, S/Sgt. Waymon B. Wilson, whose job was to screen all requests for mast. He had Harvey write out a statement but failed to tell him at the same time that he was already suspected of breaking military law. Nor did he warn him that he had a right to call for a lawyer. As a result, the remarks were excluded from the trial. Reproducing it here offers a guide to Harvey's thinking at the time and the confusion it caused. Harvey told Wilson that: "On or about July 28, 1967 . . . [I] . . . realized that I will not take part in wars or conflicts against other people while right here in the United States injustice is being committed against my own. I am being suspected or accused of mutiney (sic), that I am not guilty of, because of helping a S/Sgt. save time."

Very soon after he was called in again, this time to headquarters to be questioned by an ONI investigator, Byron Taylor. He carefully informed Harvey of his legal rights and then asked him for a statement. Taylor, it seems, had seen a copy of Wilson's interview but says he never used it. At the same time, however, Harvey thought Taylor was there to look further into precisely that statement, was prepared to comment on it, and kept "wondering where it was and if he would ever pull it out."

Suspicion and Alarm

At this point Harvey asked for and received a lawyer. Then, when the interrogation resumed and completed, Taylor asked him to sign all the pages of his testimony. Harvey agreed and even initialed the typed corrections. But he soon grew suspicious: " . . . what was in that statement was not my own words; those were his words . . . he kept saying things I wasn't saying at all."

He also grew alarmed. What he and Daniels had intended originally as a private act of conscience was now mushrooming into a nightmare. Taylor pressed him to sign the final draft but Harvey turned him down. Neither he nor Daniels ever denied making statements about war and race. But the entire matter, they would continue to maintain, was an expression of personal judgment. The persuasion of others was not on their mind.

The trial transcript would tend to substantiate this. One of the witnesses, Pfc. Johnson, disclosed that while

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he had overheard Harvey twice say—"We should stick together."—he also added he had never heard him advise anyone to disobey orders. And of the sixteen or eighteen marines who requested mast, only five or six of them said they might balk at Vietnam duty, but if they did, the choice was theirs alone. Two of the men explained further that they hadn't come to see the C.O. for anything political, but only to ask for hardship discharges. Several others said they had come in to request changes in their military assignments. Not one said he had been swayed by either Harvey or Daniels.

The court's severe decisions and penalties will do little to resolve the knotty problem of where free speech ends and military security begins. Harvey and Daniels were sentenced in August, 1967, but in the ensuing months a still small but otherwise vocal and growing number of servicemen has taken its own stand of conscience. Within the past six months, for example, at least three "GI Weeks" have been held, and several more are promised for the spring.

Who's Afraid of Conscience?

In the weeks before last October's San Francisco parade of protesting servicemen the military tried hard to pressure GIs from attending. An unclassified Defense Department memorandum, dated 28 August 1968 and sent to "Headquarters, U.S. Air Force Communication Center" at nearby Hamilton Air Force Base, has been declared the real thing by antiwar groups throughout the country and widely distributed. Aimed originally at an Air Force Lieutenant who had helped set up the demonstration it allegedly stated: "Strongly believe this demonstration should be quashed if possible because of severe impact on military discipline . . . particularly in view of the political climate of the day."

In one case, the trial of a soldier named George Downis, the court ordered a four-year sentence which included dishonorable discharge and forfeiture of all pay and allowances. During the proceedings the prosecuting attorney spoke some remarkable words that tell us a good deal more about the hunters than the hunted. He would not, he said, care to challenge the sincerity of Downis' views. But there was something far more vital, indeed far more invidious in his act of disobedience. "Crimes committed as matters of conscience are in a sense more serious than crimes committed as matters of passion or greed, because crimes of conscience *strike at the heart of our system*" (my emphasis).

What is really happening is that "participatory politics" is reaching the military and threatens to punch holes in its formidable defenses. The sudden appearance of folk-singing, brainy coffee house hostesses instead of barroom whores has stunned the military as have Trotskyite draftees, articulate graduate students in uniform, fly-by-night newspapers whose circulation has reached into the thousands, conscriptees who hate the army and the war and often contemporary America as well, ministers who allow themselves to be chained to protestors, and in general, any act of moral protest that defies regulations.

The traditionalists are therefore worried. Like all weak men asked to govern wisely in confusing times, their first response has been to fall back on the power of authority and their privilege to punish. Security, they insist, demands total obedience and order, even when alleged infractions are unrelated to military security. Politics, they repeat, must be kept out of the military; they point with horror at Latin America and with pride at our own historical subordination of the military to the civilian.

General Jacquard H. Rothschild (Ret.), former Commanding General, U.S. Army Chemical Corps Research and Development Command, has defended restrictions on free speech in the military on the grounds that what is good for civilians may well be disastrous for the soldier. "The military cannot tolerate this ferment. The unrest will cause a breakdown in morale and discipline." He cites the example of the Korean War: Marine Corps and Turkish Brigade POW's (both groups of traditional unquestioning discipline) had virtually no collaborators among them. These particular prisoners were living evidence, he has argued, that "the purpose of fighting for freedom of speech is not for the satisfaction of the individual, but for the good of the country."

Unfortunately for this position, the most recent study of POW's during the Korean War indicates the opposite: more than twice as many Marines as ordinary soldiers were suspected of collaboration; the Turks were a poor comparison group inasmuch as the Chinese had no Turkish-speaking "brain-washers;" English presented no such barrier. And as a sharp critic pointed out, drawing on several new behavioral experiments, "It may be the people who are used to questioning and challenging 'established' truths who can also question and challenge enemy ideologues; the man who is trained to accept authority blindly will accept that of his captors in the same way."

Moreover, is the military ever really neutral? And are politics excluded from the military? Information and Education officers are free to defend any aspect of government policy in their lectures but heaven protect the errant I&E man who raises the wrong questions or who says the wrong things. Certainly every military parade down every Fifth Avenue is in essence a pro-Administration policy. When that navy nurse, Lt. Susan Schnall, was asked why she had turned out for the San Francisco march in full uniform she replied: "Well, Generals wear their uniforms when they speak out in favor of the Vietnam war, so why can't we?"

The Pentagon's brass have challenged and at times openly defied civilian authority. To be sure, potential men-on-horseback must have their public statements carefully screened. But every test of the applicability of the

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First Amendment would have to determine whether or not there was a captive audience (as in General Walker's case), whether there was a dialogue or a lecture, and whether the remarks made were a call for immediate action or a general exhortation. If junior officers and enlisted men do not threaten clearly to disrupt military discipline and security then there does seem to be a case against censuring opinions.

This kind of change will not be easy for a class as cautious and conservative or as uninclined to wrestle with civil liberty issues as professional officers. If it does come, it will be on a case-by-case basis. It will also have to take into account the sentiments of two young Vietnam veterans they never heard of. Steve Wilcox, a twenty-eight-year-old former Political Science instructor at Tuskegee Institute, has described the UCMJ as historians have lampooned the Holy Roman Empire. "Neither Holy nor Roman nor an Empire" has now become "neither uniform nor just." Wilcox and a former chaplain's assistant, Carl Rogers, have been trying to set up a group called "Link," which is aimed at trying to explain the peace movement to GIs and vice versa and, more significantly, to attempt to bring pressure to reform the USMJ. They think it's possible and believe that as the word spreads to the new educated classes and the families of millions of veterans, a freer code of justice will evolve.

Certainly the entire problem should be re-examined in the light of the past decade. Ten years ago Frederick Bernays Wiener wrote in the *Harvard Law Review* that while it was true the Founding Fathers never intended the Bill of Rights for the servicemen, the Constitution is, after all, a flexible document and has to change with the times. Sooner or later, in Maitland's phrase, "every age should be the mistress of its own laws."

The first step toward reform would be for Congress to enact new legislation indicating what is allowed and what is not. Grievance procedures should be scrutinized. When the Inspector General system was introduced it was hailed as a means of redressing complaints. It can and does work but anyone who has ever served in the armed forces understands the courage it takes even to bring his complaint to the attention of the I.G., let alone survive recriminations on the remote level of the company or platoon.

Surely we shall also have to wrestle with other ambiguous articles in the Code, such as Art. 88, which declares that any officer who "uses contemptuous words" against many government officials, including the Secretary of the Treasury, may be punished. Conceivably a bitter comment by a Negro officer about say, a racist who happens to represent Alabama or Mississippi in the House, may be grounds for prosecution.

Art. 88 has been employed only once since its initiation in 1951—in the Howe Case—but the frequency of its predecessors' past use whenever the services had to rely on mass conscription, means that it is far from moribund. And when Art. 88 is not applicable, as for example in the case of a Fort Lewis private who publicly condemned President Kennedy in 1961, then the military can fall back on the general articles. One of the allegations brought against Lt. Howe was conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. While parading off-duty in civilian clothing he had carried a placard which read on one side, "Let's have more than a choice between petty ignorant Facists (sic) in 1968" and on the other, "End Johnson's Facist (sic) Aggression in Viet Nam."

The Perils of Military Poker

It has also been claimed that Art. 88 is aimed only at "public" pronouncements, but here again a patchquilt of confusion has evolved. In 1953 a federal court ruled that a poker game among GI's in which many points of view were expressed was not "strictly private." At the same time the same judicial opinion declared that a meeting of officers in perhaps an annual get-together, might be private. Thus non-coms or draftees playing poker and bitching about the world and politicians in a day room had better watch their tongues. General or flag officers, the only ones in the military who could conceivably ever challenge civilian authority, could meet in a downtown Washington hotel ballroom and defend or attack aspects of foreign and domestic policies and still be immune from prosecution. It is as clear and as reasonable as that.

Meanwhile, Harvey and Daniels languish in prison, awaiting their appeal to reach the various appellate courts. In a letter to a friend at home Harvey wrote, "It's the people's turn to protect me. Only they don't have to pick up rifles, just pens. Hang petitions in the candy store, Herman's, the Center, and every place you can think of because it's your turn."

The courts may very well reaffirm their sentences and validate what is legal and, but not necessarily, what is just and right. "Folly is not felony" a legal scholar once said. To find two young Negro marines guilty for saying in private conversations no more than what was on the lips of tens of millions of civilian Americans condemns the Marine Corps for its parochial and authoritarian manners. It was hardly a case for a general court-martial and certainly not at all for so harsh a sentence.

Of course the courts may also come up with unexpected variations: reduction of the sentence to time already served, re-trial, or even acquittal. But surely they also have a remarkable opportunity now to consider calmly and dispassionately whether or not the armed forces any longer have the right to transform all of their members into instant third-class citizens, as well as a growing number into felons. If the courts cannot bring themselves to re-think the entire situation, then Congress must.

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Birth control and abortion in Italy

Il Papa and the Pill

LEONARD J. BERRY

Despite all Vatican words, prayers, and wishes to the contrary, Pope Paul has not yet heard the last howl of protest against his brave leap into the Middle Ages—his encyclical, *Humanae Vitae*. The waves of dissent keep rolling in, lapping at the Papal doorstep, and threatening to erode what is left of the feudal foundation of power.

Surprisingly, one of the first sour notes to strike the Pontiff's ear following delivery of the long-awaited message came from the dusty think-tank where the encyclical was produced. Only days after he wiped his quill, the chief ghostwriter of the encyclical, the influential French Jesuit Father Gustave Martelet, made a statement which is still echoing around the globe. "Following the encyclical is a matter of individual conscience."

Nor can the Pope take much comfort in Italy: this homeland, seat of his power, granter of tax privileges, provider of police motorcades. A quick look at *the pill* situation reveals that no fewer than nine Italian drug companies are producing some version of it and that, at the very least, 8 million pills were sold in this country last year, many of these sales providing capital gain for the Vatican.

Yes, it has been unearthed that the Vatican (which wages an eternal and largely successful battle to keep its vast business empire secret) has considerable holdings in Lepetit of Milan, one of the largest pharmaceutical houses in Italy and producer of the most expensive ($4.64 for 20) Italian birth control pill; it is also known though the evidence is less firm, that the Vatican has holdings in two more pill producing companies.

Though most talk of birth control—in Italy as elsewhere—centers lately on the pill, statistics reveal that birth control is an old topic, and practice, in Italy. This country, the whole of which lies to some degree in the long, long, shadow of the Vatican (Catholic education is compulsory in primary and secondary schools), has a birth rate of only 17.7 per thousand of the population per year—lower than the 19 per thousand rate of contraception-conscious England. While the mean birth rate of central Italy is close to or a bit below the national average, southern regions, where poverty and illiteracy are common, soar to the top of the European fertility scale with 24 births per thousand. The educated and industrial northern Piedmont region, however, produces babies at the mini-rate of 12.6 per thousand, actually lower than Hungary's 13 per thousand—the lowest national rate in the world!—which is achieved by widespread contraception and legal "abortion-on-demand."

Though abortion is absolutely forbidden for any reason in this country, it seems that abortion is, in fact, one of the most widely used and *accepted* methods of birth control. It is conservatively estimated that there are one million abortions performed each year in this country of 52 million people—one abortion for every live birth, or, one abortion for every 52 people. This figure was reached in 1959 by the newspaper *Paese Sera* which queried 90 doctors in various social strata in various parts of the country asking them to examine their files and report the number of women who admitted having had abortions and the number of abortions. (The results of the survey coincide almost exactly with one done in France, which has a population of 50 million and similar economic and social situations.)

An abortion in Italy can cost anywhere between $100 and $400. In rural areas, the cost is lowest, but so is the quality. A local woman called "La Mama" usually performs the operation. In towns, mid-wives or doctors, depending on the money available, do the job. The upper classes, of course, have it best with clinics and clinical after-care.

With such a high rate of clandestine abortion, it is probable that many thousands of women die each year as a result, but it is impossible to give a reliable estimate of the number. For despite strict laws backed by stiff penalties, only a few dozen abortion convictions are made each year, and these include both the woman and the abortionist. Obviously, abortionists and relatives of an abortion victim want to keep the matter quiet, but it also seems that local medical and legal authorities generally cooperate with a convenient "natural causes" report in the event of an abortion-caused death. The abortionist is a valuable member of the community and must be protected.

Dr. Luigi di Marchi, national secretary and one of the founders of the 15-year-old Italian Association for Demographic Education (a euphemism for another euphemism, Planned Parenthood Association) says: "Italy should build a monument to the abortionist for saving the country. If it were not for the million abortions every

LEONARD J. BERRY *is a former writer-reporter for the American Broadcasting Company, presently living in Rome.*

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year, Italy (considered over-populated with 52 million) would now have a population of about 70 million. The system—the Church and State—lives on violations of its own precepts. It would not be able to exist with a population that size. It has not even been able to absorb a million unemployed in the last seven years of trying."

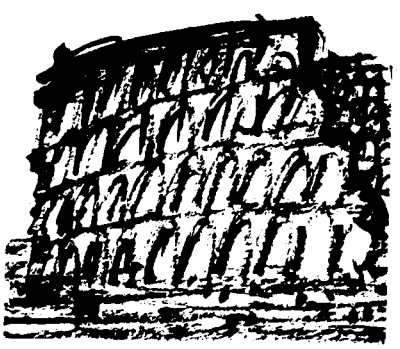
It is a few people like di Marchi—who has the Italian title of *professore* though he says he's "much too radical to ever teach in an Italian university"—who are trying to spread knowledge of scientific contraception to "reduce the abortion figure as much as possible." Certainly, contraception is practiced: di Marchi's run-down gives the picture:

- Method most used is withdrawal: a 1961 survey by the University of Perugia in the district of Umbria showed that 98 percent of the rural male population relies on *coitus interruptus* as a regular method of contraception.
- The condom is broadly used: more than 20 million were sold in Italy last year, by pharmacies, "for the prevention of venereal disease only." One manufacturer includes a coupon—to be saved and traded like Green Stamps—with each purchase.
- Vaginal suppositories: used by an absolute maximum of 10,000 women. IADE has provided them to 3,500 women and the top figure for usage can only be two or three times this amount, according to di Marchi. These are sold in pharmacies as "a local vaginal antiseptic."
- Diaphragm: same figures for same reasons as suppositories. The diaphragm is illegal and sold only under the counter by pharmacists.
- Rhythm method: the only Church-sanctioned method. Says di Marchi, "There must be some people using it but we find only disenchantment and rejection."

In a class by itself is the pill. As stated, at least 8 million pills were sold in Italy last year to at least 60,000 women "who we must assume are using them for contraception," di Marchi states. However, Gianni Usvardi, vice-president of the National Health Commission and a pro-pill Socialist Deputy claims 12 million pills were sold last year and that 90,000 women in Milan alone are using it. (At 20 pills per woman per 28 days, the arithmetic doesn't work.) The pill is sold by prescription only, "for regulation of the menstrual cycle only," in pharmacies. It shows every sign of eclipsing all other methods of contraception.

"Our biggest problem," says di Marchi, "is the old Fascist laws which are kept on the books largely through the influence of the Church. The people obviously want and need birth control." In a nine-year field-test completed recently by IADE in Rome, 552 women, average age 24, were offered vaginal suppositories and instruction. "Only two refused on religious grounds," says di Marchi, "and 70 others refused for other reasons: fear of injury, distrust of the method, marital jealousy, and so on. After nine years we report a 90 percent decrease in birth rate—the women averaged one child every two years before—and what I think is a pessimistic estimate of 90 percent decrease in abortion. The women in the test *admitted* to having had one abortion for every two children born, on the average. But after the test, there are almost no abortions reported because the women tend to accept the less frequent pregnancies, allowing them to go to term. The implications are obvious.

"But the laws prevent us from carrying on a proper educational program," di Marchi continues, "although the Holy Father's message gave the pill much publicity." (Early reports indeed indicate sharp increases in pill sales following publication of the encyclical.) Di Marchi has been brought to trial three times and convicted once under Article 553 of the National Penal Code (introduced in 1930 by the Fascist Minister of Justice) which states: "Whosoever shall publicly incite to the use of contraceptives or makes proposals in their favor shall be subject to punishment of one year in prison and a fine of 100,000 LIRE ($160)"; and two articles of the police code, also of Fascist origin, which forbid public dissemination of information even for purely scientific purposes.



Until this year, the official government position has been to oppose pro-birth control legislation "to safeguard public health *and* morality." But this year Zelioli Lanzini, Christian Democratic Minister of Health, agreed not to oppose on health grounds a bill now in a Chamber of Deputies committee. In an historic moment of candor, he admitted he has not found any evidence to support the belief that birth control is harmful to the health: that indications are, in fact, to the *contrary!*

Despite such progress, there is little hope of sweeping reform. The problem springs from the vortex of the Italian political whirlpool.

In the past, the Socialists have been blackmailed by the Christian Democrats with threats to divorce politically if birth control legislation was pushed. Such a divorce—which finally occured last May when the Socialists suffered heavy election losses—meant the fall of the shaky center-left coalition government.

The minority Christian Democrats now hold the power in the caretaker government and are answerable to the Vatican's political string-pullers. Despite laws defining a sort of church-state separation in Italy, the Vatican is quite formally and openly behind the drive to kill birth

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control legislation: it has invited the government to continue the interdiction. Christian Democrats, whatever their personal feelings, are forced to toe the Vatican line, for it is no secret that a Christian Democratic candidate has no hope of being elected without the support of local priests who preach politics from their pulpits at election time. Further, the Vatican has a standing threat—and presumably the power to implement it—to start a new Catholic party should the Christian Democrats stray from the holy line. Thus, despite active support for reform by the Communists, the Socialists, the Republicans, and the Social Proletariates, the Christian Democrats hold the legislative key.

There are, however, no laws preventing a physician from giving a patient birth control information in private consultation. That is how IADE—until recently the only Italian organization disseminating birth control information—works. With an annual budget of only $8,000, offices in six large cities, and 38 affiliated doctors, IADE counsels some 3,000 couples at present.

When a woman goes to IADE, she is referred to a doctor who, for a fee of $5 (poor people, free), prescribes a suitable method of contraception; $1.60 of the fee is returned to IADE, which gets 40 percent of its funding from the kickbacks and contributions; the rest comes from the International Planned Parenthood Association and the Path Finder Fund.

"Our second biggest problem is the Italian medical profession," di Marchi believes. "We have found doctors to be afraid and hostile when we approach them. Out of hundreds we've contacted, only the 38 were willing to take patients referred by us. And Italian doctors are unbelievably ignorant about birth control. We hear stories all the time about doctors who give the pill to women to take only when they make love, or during their supposed days of fertility, or who prescribe them promiscuously without first examining patients to see if the pill is counterindicated. One woman told of how she went to her gynecologist to have her diaphragm removed . . . she hadn't been properly trained as is often the case . . . so the doctor took it out and threw it away thinking it was a condom."

"Also, most Italian universities do not teach the medical students *anything* about contraception; they flatly refuse to do so. But Rome is a good exception; they have an excellent program. We send most of our doctors to England or Yugoslavia for training."

"Right now, we are faced with a paradox in the person of Pope Paul," says di Marchi, at once amused and frustrated by the situation. "The educational and informational problems will remain difficult as long as he opposes reform. *But* the more noise he makes trying to defend the encyclical, the more people learn about contraception —especially the pill." Di Marchi smiles as he says in his perfect vernacular English, "Pope Paul is presently our chief pill-pusher."

J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER

THE STAGE

A playwright who puts Galileo or Martin Luther at the center of a play designed to do the author's own dramatic or ideological business is likely, as Brecht and John Osborne learned, to stir up at least a teapot-tempest about historical accuracy. When the hero is a contemporary figure, one whom the audience is likely to know factually and sentimentally, a storm is more likely to rage—as it did when Rolf Hochhuth put Churchill on stage in *Soldiers*. J. Robert Oppenheimer has never been the celebrity that Churchill was, but to a large segment of the American public—to those people who fill the Lincoln Center auditorium even when he is not on stage there—he is a familiar figure, one about whom they have definite and probably fixed opinions. In choosing this man as both hero and villain of his play, *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer,* Heinar Kipphardt has risked a small storm of his own. I can see why Oppenheimer disapproved of the play and how his friends and admirers might be annoyed by it. In some part, it is likely to be offensive to all of us who think, with Lansdale in the play, that "there is a limit to everything" and suspect that Kipphardt may have crossed that line as obviously as the prying counsel does. In so far as Joseph Wiseman succeeds in looking like and being Oppenheimer and thus releasing audience preconceptions, his success may muddy a fascinating play, one dealing in a complicated way with some of the most important problems of our time. It would be a mistake to let the fact of Oppenheimer come between the audience and the play.

It would be a mistake, too, to imagine that the play, which gets its title from the transcript of the Oppenheimer security hearing, is some kind of potted history. Documentary dramatists—except for Martin B. Duberman, who actually quoted documentary material in *In White America*—alter the material of history to score both stage points and argumentative ones. In a preface to the printed play, Kipphardt says that he "exercised his freedom only in the selection, the arrangement, formulation and condensation of the material." What that means, in simpler words, is that he borrowed what he wanted, changed it when it did not fit and invented when he had to. A simple instance. Kipphardt says he drew "only upon historical data for all the facts presented in this play." At one point in the first act, Moffat, the counsel for the AEC, congratulates Oppenheimer on his birthday and slides from the felicity into a question about a birthday card he received from Haakon Chevalier. Oppenheimer's fiftieth birthday did take place during the hearing, but there are no congratulations in the transcript, and that birthday card from Chevalier was

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a Christmas card he sent Oppenheimer some years before. Small facts, but facts. Kipphardt, like Moffat, is interested in ideology, not facts. He is also, as all playwrights are, intent on manipulating an audience as he does here when Oppenheimer, with "No doubt you have a photostat copy of it," scores one against Moffat. As Kipphardt's lines have distant connection with actuality, so his characters—in his attempt to express all the attitudes toward such hearings—have less historical truth than ideational validity. His Thomas A. Morgan is the stereotype of the business man, a practicality image whose ideas have less to do with the Morgan of the hearing than with the assenting minority report of Commissioner Murray of the AEC; his Herbert S. Marks (now called Aaron Stein) seems less Oppenheimer's counsel of the hearing than Charles P. Curtis, the Boston lawyer who wrote the condemnatory *The Oppenheimer Case*. Many of the figures have undergone name changes as well. Between the English and the American editions, Boris Pash became Nicholas Radzi. Now, presumably because of more static, all the lawyers have fictitious names, and I. I. Rabi and the Air Force's David Griggs have been replaced by fictional characters who speak the lines and fill the roles once assigned to real men. Lehmann, the fictional substitute for Rabi, is given more obvious, more tetchy lines than the ones Rabi has in the printed play.

There are at least two plays in *In the Matter of*, one of which has Oppenheimer as martyr-hero. On the most uncomplicated level, Kipphardt has written a courtroom drama in which an innocent man, trapped by circumstantial evidence, is railroaded into a conviction. The changing social context, the red-scare mentality of the Joe McCarthy era, has created an atmosphere in which Oppenheimer's early leftist associations—no bar to his work at Los Alamos—and his distaste for the weapons he helped create make him suspect. Kipphardt has so organized this aspect of the play that audience sympathy would be for Oppenheimer even if they had not brought such sympathy in with them. Each anti-Oppenheimer witness is balanced by a defense witness who contradicts him factually. Beyond that, the anti-Opp characters are depicted as rigid, compulsive, self-deceiving, even comic (Radzi, for instance, in his account of an attempt to break the code name "Joe"); the pro-Opps are a little eccentric perhaps, but that is a manifestation of American independence, matched by their honesty and their sense of humor. Thus Oppenheimer wins the audience even though he loses his clearance. The play at this level is a condemnation of the American security system, an attack on doctrinaire anti-Communism with its insistence on purity in deed and thought. Kipphardt has introduced so many little tricks into this plot—labored jokes, legal niceties—that it is a simple matter to play it, as the Lincoln Center sometimes seems to do, as a good-guys-bad-guys drama. Yet, surely Kipphardt intends a deeper condemnation. One point of the first-act soliloquies (one of which the Center has unfortunately cut) is to indicate the range of opinion and depth of commitment in the hearing itself, to suggest—as Shaw does in *Saint Joan*—that the real horror is that most of the "bad guys" are men acting from the best motives.

The Oppenheimer of Kipphardt's play is also guilty—if not of the charges brought against him. At the end of the play he confesses to "ideological treason" although not in the sense Moffat means when he first uses that phrase. "We have been doing the work of the Devil," Oppenheimer says in his *mea culpa,* his recognition that science, for whatever understandable reasons, has become subservient to political and military forces. Whether out of patriotism or commitment to scientific research itself, the men of whom Oppenheimer is representative created a system which now imprisons them. The atom bomb, conceived in innocence, is but a step to the hydrogen bomb, conceived, reluctantly, in knowledge. Similarly, the hearing of which Oppenheimer is victim, is as surely a product of Los Alamos as the atom bomb was. That science consented to, even embraced its servitude is clear not simply in Oppenheimer's final speech, but in the play as a whole. From the beginning, the projections of the exploding bomb, through the opening scene in which Oppenheimer both accepts and rejects responsibility for Hiroshima, Kipphardt builds a context of complicity. The scientists—those who support Oppenheimer (Bethe, Rabi) and those who attack him (Teller, Griggs)—are seen to share a community, an activity that catches the establishment time-server and the would-be independent mind in the same homemade trap. It is unfortunate that the Center cut injudiciously (Bethe's supposed defense of Oppenheimer, "Many of us regarded him as too pro-government"; Evans' ruminative "it was the physicists themselves who started the whole thing when they turned their profession into a military discipline"), but this thrust of the play is still clear. Perhaps in the production it is too limited to the H-bomb, not firmly enough a comment on the creation of a climate and a methodology, and perhaps it is too undercut by the courtroom-hero play I discussed earlier (that's Kipphardt's problem as much as the production's), but at Lincoln Center a great deal more than security regulations are called in doubt. It is too bad that the production does not use Kipphardt's last suggested projection, an announcement of Johnson's presenting Oppenheimer with the Fermi prize at Teller's recommendation, for that is a last, nice twisting irony, one that calls the final Oppenheimer confession in doubt and puts the problem of the scientist back where the nationwide March 4 research strike says it is—in the present.

For a play that looks so simple at first glance, Kipphardt's work is full of nuances, questions. His apparently obvious innocent-by-association tricks turn grotesque when one realizes where science sits in this play. His old-fashioned humanist, the avuncular Evans, is finally de-

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ficient in his apolitical stance (why wasn't he affected by the depression as Oppenheimer was, the play seems to ask at one point) and Teller (as played by Herbert Berghof) is moving in the midst of his most outrageous statements because they suggest the need for a rationale that hooks him back to Oppenheimer, Bethe, Rabi, the good guys. Kipphardt's reiteration of the problem of judging past events by present standards becomes more disturbing when we realize that we in 1969 are judging the 1954 hearing for its reaction to the events of the 1930's and 1940's. And a final question—outside the play but inevitable: why is that it is the German authors (Kipphardt, Hochhuth, Weiss) who are using "documentary" drama to pose the large questions about recent world history; implicit, unadmitted German apologetics?

The production at the Lincoln Center, despite the cuts that I regret and a few doubtful character readings, is a good, clear, moving performance of Kipphardt's play. It proves what needs to be proved every so often, that an audience can be entranced by talk and ideas as it can by noise, movement, flashing lights. GERALD WEALES

RECLINE AND FALL

THE SCREEN

Last week in reviewing "If. . . ." I found it one of the best items in the current youth cycle. This stunning movie, so well produced by Lindsay Anderson (who also directed) and Michael Medwin, is not only one of the best in our present trend but is also better than those two good film versions of "Tom Brown's School Days," which also stressed the need for change in English public schools. Working from David Sherwin's contemporary screenplay, Lindsay Anderson could go farther and be more imaginative than the pictures based on Thomas Hughes' famous novel. And he shoots the works in several fanciful scenes and the startling finale which may or may not be real but shows what could happen "If. . . ." At times Anderson may seem rather arbitrary in the fuller explanation department; but this seems to be a trend in modern film making. However I noticed in some reviews which have appeared since I wrote mine that some critics were reading all kinds of hidden meanings into Anderson's use of color, which changes to black-and-white or monochrome from time to time. While Anderson likes this technique (it reminds viewers that this is a film) it was done in this case because the color cameras could not be gotten into the school chapel and some other places without great and expensive delay. So don't read any fancy meanings into the color changes. Rather spend your time in deciding if you would have joined the rebels in "If. . . ." or stayed with the sheep.

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The young man in "Decline and Fall of a Bird Watcher" is no revolutionist. Except for his youth and very good looks, Paul Pennyfeather (Robin Phillips) is a rather colorless ninny, a modern Candide who's put-upon in one episode after the other. Based on Evelyn Waugh's *Decline and Fall*, the film has an extraordinarily good cast (Felix Aylmer, Colin Blakely, Patrick Magee, Leo McKern, Genevieve Page, Paul Rogers, Donald Wolfit, and more), most of whom are wasted in the heavy-handed direction of John Krish. Ivan Foxwell gave his film a handsome color production with this good cast, some fine photography of a dowdy English school, and an elaborate modern art monstrosity mansion; but he also wrote the script from Waugh's brilliant satirical work—and work it doesn't. Changing the title so customers wouldn't think they were seeing Gibbons or would see a sequel to "Alfie" is typical of the errors throughout. The worst error was updating Waugh's jokes and story from the '20s to the '60s. After being sent down from Oxford, Pennyfeather gets a job teaching in a public school that is worse than the one in "If. . . ."; then he falls into the clutches of a boy's mother (Miss Page) who turns out not to be an elegant lady but a procuress who gets our hero involved in her affairs and lands him in prison for trafficking in prostitution. How he gets out of this mess and a few of the other incidents prove somewhat amusing, but most of "Decline" is in decline and no close-up of modern youth at all.

Another English movie, although not exactly modern either, gives one more view of English schools and young pupils. "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie," another spin-off of the Muriel Spark novel, is actually about a teacher at the Marcia Blaine School for Girls, and while the picture highlights this self-centered spinster who insists she is now in her prime and will make her girls into the *crème de la crème*, it also has much to say about the girls. This is a strange and fascinating film, the kind that makes one angry as one watches Miss Brodie in action, molding the girls into the pattern she wants for them, pushing her own ideas and ideals, "putting old heads on young bodies." Among her favorites are Giotto, Mussolini, Franco and Tennyson. If this role weren't so well played by Maggie Smith, one would be inclined to walk out on Miss Brodie early in the game. In fact Miss Smith's mannerisms and affectations are laid on so heavy early in the picture in her *crème de la crème* speeches that one

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begins to hate her. But then the portrayal changes: Maggie Smith makes you believe that Brodie really believes what she is doing and saying. She is still dangerous, but she captivates her audience as she makes them wait for the time when she'll get her come-uppance.

Ronald Neame has directed this film beautifully, and the performances throughout are fine. Celia Johnson as the headmistress is properly chilling and right as she tries and fails to put Miss Brodie down. Robert Stephens as a second-rate artist teaching art at the school is almost pathetic as he pleads for Brodie's love and gets only one of her girls as a substitute. And the girls themselves are excellent, especially Pamela Franklin as Sandy, the one who gets wise to Brodie and spills the beans to the headmistress. Fortunately these girls get much attention, and it is their reaction to this willful Miss Brodie that is most compelling about the film.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

Lyndon as Oedipus Rex

The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson

ERIC F. GOLDMAN

Knopf, $8.95

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Eric Goldman, Princeton historian who was intellectual-in-residence for 34 months of Lyndon Johnson's term, concludes this lifeless biography with these words: "In his periods of triumph and of downsweep, in peace as in war, he stood the tragic figure of an extraordinarily gifted President who was the wrong man from the wrong place at the wrong time under the wrong circumstances."

In this he has sacrificed accuracy for rhetorical rhythms. Summations of this sort are deserved only by men who have had high goals, who have fought for them with steadfastness and pluck, who have considered the commonweal of more importance than their ambitions, and yet who have been held short of the largest success by some fateful formula of events.

We have had such politicians in recent years. But Lyndon Johnson is not among them.

After an undistinguished career in the House of Representatives, Johnson graduated to the Senate in 1948 with the assistance of a very late "revised" vote count in one of the notoriously corrupt counties of South Texas that made him the victor by 87 votes out of nearly one million cast (a well-known incident which Goldman omits in retelling this period). As majority leader Johnson helped thwart all meaningful civil rights, health insurance, housing, and tax reforms (a dismal record which Goldman skimps). He was vastly overrated as a manipulator of the Senate; in 1959, having been given the greatest Democratic majority in that chamber since 1937, Majority Leader Johnson was incapable of leading it to the passage of one single important piece of legislation. (Goldman holds on to the outdated journalistic appraisal of LBJ as a Senate mastermind.) As President, he used a top-heavy Democratic majority in his first Congress to pass a great many laws that, if enforced, might have brought the New Deal to its fullness, but would have gone no further than that (a judgment with which Goldman would disagree); and by the middle of his presidential term he was so obsessed by his war that he allowed most of his domestic reform programs to dribble away, causing the hopes of many thousands of bottom-rung people to dribble away also.

He promised to end hunger in America, but when appropriations for crash programs to do just that were proposed in Congress he fought them (because they would have crimped his war budget), and Democrats have already had the shameful experience of watching Richard Nixon, of all people, institute the first free food stamp program. Johnson promised reforms in the military draft, and although he could have made some reforms by executive order, he did not, and unjustly blamed the Congress for it. He promised so many things that he did not even try to produce.

Lyndon Johnson was not a tragedy; he was a burden, and now that he is off the nation's back, people are straightening up and filling their lungs again and breathing easier. It is not exactly a propitious time for Goldman to come forward with a book that apparently is supposed to persuade us that had Johnson been a Kansan instead of a Texan, and had he been elected President in, say, 1960, rather than 1964, things might have worked out beautifully.

But attempting too much, Goldman failed at just about everything. It is bad and second-hand history, deficient as gossip, skimpy as memoir.

He is unreliable. For just one instance, he tells how Johnson and McNamara decided to close down 26 defense installations in 14 states (this was to illustrate Johnson's early presidential power over Congress); what he does *not* relate is that Congress refused to let all of these closures stand.

Goldman—incredible though it may be—actually claims that *he* was the advisor who persuaded Johnson to adapt the consensus approach to politics. Anybody who knows anything about Johnson knows that he had been playing consensus politics at least since 1954,

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when the Democrats re-won control of the Senate and he was majority leader. His Senate-era motto was "We are here to pass laws and not make issues." That's consensus politics.

As for the central blunder of Johnson's time, stepping up the Vietnam war, Goldman gives you a choice of three explanations: LBJ went in out of sympathy for the Vietnamese, or because he believed a little war is the only way to prevent a big war, or because he had been reading the political polls. Goldman is unable to help us decide, but whatever the reason for Johnson's actions, Goldman clearly feels—though he is too timid to come out and say so—that Johnson selected his entry in an artificial way: *"Meanwhile he readied public opinion . . . and waited for the right moment. . . .* [My emphasis] Then the Vietcong made their contribution. On February 6, guerrillas struck Pleiku . . ."

Out went the bombers against North Vietnam in "retaliation"—and they kept flying for three years, killing thousands of North Vietnamese in revenge for the killing of eight Americans at Pleiku in a raid which still has the odor of a contrived situation. It seems impossible to me that anyone could write even a sketchy history of the Vietnam war without dealing at least obliquely with the ethical questions of beginnings and continuations of a war that so far has killed nearly 40,000 Americans, yet Goldman has managed to do so.

Perhaps the best service Johnson's presidency did for the nation was to stir up our political consciences; true, we were probably stirred too deeply and for too long a time, and we were left almost exhausted. But it certainly can be said that during his term Americans were more aware of the major issues and of The Man in the middle of those issues than we had been in years. Any worthwhile history of the period must capture some of that hyper-feeling. And Goldman's major defect is that he obviously does not feel very deeply about either Johnson or the issues of his Administration. In fact, the only White House personality he feels strongly about is Bill Moyers. He dislikes Moyers, mainly because when Goldman prepared to resign from his post and it was known that he would write a book, Moyers (as Goldman tells it) "went on the attack. His purpose was unmistakable: to undercut the projected book. He presented me as a man who had done little in the White House and who knew little of any consequence about the LBJ Presidency . . . After all, Moyers told the press, 'Goldman has spent most of his time working directly with Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Carpenter in the East Wing.' "

Why is Goldman angry? Moyers was only telling the truth. Since the book's publication Goldman has several times acknowledged in interviews that he probably talked to Johnson less than a dozen times; from the internal evidence in the book, I count three times that Goldman sat down with Johnson for a conversation.

This need not have been a handicap and it could have been a plus; if being forced to operate on the outer fringes of the White House staff had made Goldman's ears more sensitive and his curiosity less governable, we might still have received from his 34 months in the White House some great details and even greater insights into the machinations of that official neo-royal family which, to most of us, will remain forever as mysterious as the House of Hohenzollern.

But Goldman—who must surely be the worst reporter ever to have worked for *Time* magazine—comes through masterfully only when he is describing the White House arts festival of 1965, the magnificant fiasco which convinced many intellectuals that Johnson was the last survivor of the Stone Age and convinced Johnson that most intellectuals are fruity "bastards." (The very word, Goldman says, that LBJ used when he wasn't using more personal ones.) We get an idea of the intellectual climate that Goldman was trying to cater to when he tells us that Mrs. Johnson's two top women aides had never heard of Edmund Wilson. And we get an idea of the kooky atmosphere of the place when he tells us of the way guests were checked out by the FBI and of how Johnson was convinced that the Congressmen who opposed him on the war were being fed speeches by the Russian embassy.

When Goldman began writing this book, he intended (he says) to make it a brief one. It's unfortunate that this first plan did not prevail. He had about 100 pages—not 531—of fresh, interesting material to give us. The rest is worth very little.

Breaking Camp

MARDGE PIERCY

Wesleyan University Press, $2 paper

RICHARD M. ELMAN

It takes courage to break camp. As the pun implies, not only must one make a hopeful new departure, but one must also put a finish to easy cool, the cynical, the modish, to believe anew in language as thought and feeling, in metaphor as possibility. Breaking camp, in short, affirms poetry and, by extension, life.

Mardge Piercy's are courageous poems. Although they know that words like Peace lie "like a smooth turd/on the tongues of politicians ordering/the sweet flesh seared on the staring bone," they affirm—through metaphor—the human need (hope) lurking behind such manipulated vagueries. "We are fat and busy as maggots," they declare, without a hint of smug celebration to such a declaration. Intense, pained, they express the wonderment that "in my name they are stealing from people with nothing/their slim bodies. When did I hire these assassins?"

These lines appear in an unpatriotic ode entitled "The Peaceable Kingdom" which is inspired by the 19th-century primitive American painting of animals

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REVIEWERS

ROBERT SHERRILL is the Washington correspondent for *The Nation*.

RICHARD M. ELMAN's most recent novel is *Lilo's Diary* (Scribners').

LINDA KUEHL, a previous contributor, is a free-lance writer.

PHILIP DEASY teaches English at St. Peter's College in New Jersey.

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and men on a landscape by Edward Hicks that hangs in the Brooklyn Museum. In Mardge Piercy's poem the men have turned vicious, the gentle animals have died off, and the landscape stinks of death and waste:

> We glitter and spark righteousness.
> We are blinding as a new car in the sunshine.
> Gasoline rains from our fluffy clouds.
> Everywhere our evil froths polluting the waters—
> in what streams on what mountain do you miss the telltale redbrown sludge and rim of suds?

"When did I hire these killers?" the poet asks again. "Eating steak in a suave restaurant? . . . sweating like a melon in bed?" Punctuated by such phrases, her poem is alive to anger; its verbal beauty illuminates—like a flare—the dark squalors of a moribund social order bent on its own destruction. Perhaps the poem could not have been written, if not for Vietnam, but its judgments are aware of a larger, darker history; it takes account of what went on before and what may come to be: "This nation is founded on blood like a city on swamps/yet its dream has been beautiful and sometimes just/that now grows brutal and heavy like a burned out star."

The strength of such a statement doesn't mean that Mardge Piercy is only capable of riding the hobby-horse of her indignation. For a first collection the range of these poems is wide, the means varied: poems about love, trust, comradeship; celebrations of animals, objects as parts of the real world she inhabits; they are in short and long lines, free and regular meters, using internal rhymes, or no rhymes at all. Where others seem intolerant, she is compassionate. Where others give way to a fashionable despair, she hopes by doing and observing. To her mathematician husband, Mrs. Piercy writes: "In the living room you are someplace else like a cat./You go fathoms down into abstraction/where the pressure and the cold would squeeze the juice from my tissues." "The young are mirror sleek," she declares, in *Girl Watching II*. "They pass through each other unsplashing/

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where you or I would be flattened like a dried skate/hung up for sale." And, in a memorial to a poet friend, she displays wit and wisdom:

Loss of control smashes.
Skill looks organic.
But poems do not
(outside of Gaelic)
Kill: or save.

Mardge Piercy's poetry begins with despair because it is concerned with making revolutionary statements. It speaks for the revolution of courage and concern, recognizing that self-love is best bestowed through action. Or, as she puts it, in a poem entitled the 184th Demonstration:

What we do is not beautiful
hurts no one makes no one desperate
we do not break the panes of safety
glass
stretching between people on the
street
and the deaths they hire

Tomorrow is the 185th
Demonstration
will you be there?
of course.

Bruno's Dream

IRIS MURDOCH

Viking, $5.75

LINDA KUEHL

Iris Murdoch belongs within the tradition of continental letters, to that awesome line of philosopher-novelists who write novels of ideas. Philosophers by trade and temperament, they appropriate fiction in order to tell us something about universal ambiguity. Huxley did it through what he called the "musicalization of fiction," Sartre through existential heroics. Iris Murdoch's brand is metaphysical fantasy: a combination of pyrotechnics and philosophy, a design of bizarre effects intended to convey reality as contingent and eccentric.

The pretext for her latest work, *Bruno's Dream*, is the imminent death of Bruno, a wizened, weepy, petulant old man, who, confined to bed, reviews his life with incredible lucidity. Mulling over two large questions, he wonders if in the past he should have let his wife die alone or have risked her final curse, and if in the present he should seek a reconciliation with his son, Miles, a civil servant and romantic poet, who, against his wishes, had married an Indian girl, now long since killed in an airplane crash. Intrigue begins when Miles reluctantly accepts Bruno's invitation to visit him, though the meeting fails dismally as father and son reenact old patterns of the accusing tyrant and the miserably accursed. After Miles storms out, his second wife and sister-in-law descend upon the decayed and murky house on Stadium Street with flowers and apologies.

Thereafter, relationships deviate with Murdochian swiftness. Danby, Bruno's son-in-law and provider, attempts a liaison with Miles' wife, Diana, until he becomes enamored of her "sensitive" sister, which leads Miles to discover he also loves Lisa. Adelaide, Danby's accommodating sleep-in-maid, gets pushed aside and works some mischief, as does her violent cousin, Will the Actor, and his twin brother, Nigel the Nurse, who attends Bruno only to be nearby secretly desired Danby.

A lot of inter-family hanky-panky with incestuous undertones ensues as characters fall in and out of love with consummate facility. They play at sincerity, carelessly exploit one another, collaborate in each other's illusions, suffer rude awakenings, and seek revenge. Past events haunt them—guilt over a wife's death, idealized memories of a child bride—and work their distorted influence over the chaotic present.

Confusion is further generated by such melodramatic effects as the impending and climactic flood of the Thames, voyeurism, surprise appearances, a duel, the theft of Bruno's Cape Triangular stamp, and the insidious presence of his pet spiders, which, in his deterioration, he comes to resemble.

Iris Murdoch's bizarre design is fleshed out with coincidence, riddles, ironic reversals and hints of sexual perversion that constitute a strategy of insinuation employed to highlight the susceptibility of her self-styled victims. By converting the unknown into vague concepts of destiny, demons and portents, they see themselves as spellbound by arbitrary powers. It is as if some omnipotent Spider were spinning out a Web to ensnare them in disaster. But, the author assures us, there is no universal mechanism grinding out suffering or conspiring against us: "the machine is just a phantasm of our pain." Life is painfully mysterious and the universe, unfathomable, so all we can do is blunder along as best we can trying to fit the pieces together free of grand illusions.

This message is familiar, though the unusual design not quite the extravagant fare one has come to expect, say, from Miss Murdoch's absurdist fairy tale, *The Flight from the Enchanter*, or her grotesque myth, *A Severed Head*. Moreover, the gothic romance of *The Unicorn* and the anti-Christian allegory of *The Bell* make the current theme somewhat less than exciting. In com-

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parison, *Bruno's Dream* is a version of the metaphysical muddle modified by the author's unwillingness to surrender her people to despair. Finishing things off nicely, she bequeaths Bruno the final dream of selfless love and forgiveness, an inner reconciliation experienced by three other characters: Diana, through an epiphany at her father-in-law's death bed: "She lived the reality of death and felt herself made nothing by it and denuded of desire. Yet love still existed and it was the only thing that existed"; Miles, through an understanding that art, like love, comes from an abdication "of the greedy passionate self"; and Nigel, through self-abnegating mysticism: "Love them and let them walk on you." The rest of the characters are charitably paired off in marriage.

Such generosity of spirit is certainly appealing, yet it cannot rescue the characters from abstraction. Alas, these extraordinary creatures do too much talking about things like "the metaphysics of a kiss" and too little actual kissing. But then Miss Murdoch is a philosopher-novelist, and, as a philosopher, naturally portrays figures who either have ideas to articulate or who are idiosyncratic enough to voice her own ideas. Huxley once noted that this comprises only "about .01 per cent of the human race" which is why "the real, the congenital novelists don't write such books." Now, Huxley never claimed to be a congenital novelist, but our novelist states in several truly brilliant essays that she does wish to write fiction entirely free of rationalism. Unfortunately, the way has still not been found—and this her twelfth book!

Many readers will also regret the waning of Iris Murdoch's inventive powers and wonder why she continues to turn out a variation on her formula almost once a year. Since *The Unicorn* in 1963, she has rarely shown the uncanny imagination that illuminated the earlier works. And while *Bruno's Dream* can be viewed as an attempt to scale universal ambiguity down to human proportions, it is an undistinguished novel of ideas, with only a few vestiges of the Murdoch flair and wit and scarcely a breath of life.

The Search for a Usable Future

MARTIN E. MARTY

Harper & Row, $4.95

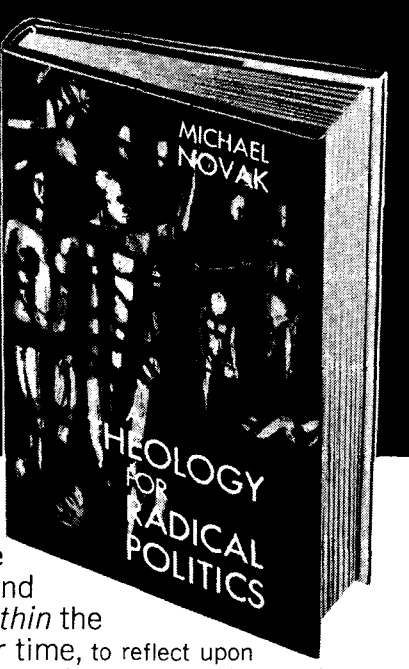
PHILIP DEASY

Theologically speaking, "hope" is today's "in" word. Its entrenchment will be strengthened by the low-keyed eloquence of Martin Marty's admirably lucid, closely reasoned essay. The book's epigraph from Paul Ricoeur is apt: "Hope is the same thing as remembering." A useless past may be rejected but the remembrance of things past is ineradicable. There is a way of using the past without "becoming imprisoned by it."

If hope is in, "relevance" is out, or on the way out. Mr. Marty's deft demolition of the secular theologians will hasten its demise. This is not to say that Mr. Marty is unaware of all that the worldly theology did to wake up an "otherwise inert theological camp,"

MICHAEL NOVAK

A THEOLOGY FOR RADICAL POLITICS



"I imagine," writes Michael Novak, "that the role of the philosopher and theologian is to begin *within* the creative currents of their time, to reflect upon those currents, and to invent new and more profound channels for them to flow into in the future — channels which also carry forward the power and wisdom of the past."

Written with a passionate love for America and its revolutionary ideals, *A Theology for Radical Politics* is both an act of sympathy for the intellectual and political discoveries of young people and an attempt to prod them further by probing, criticizing, and extending their own presuppositions.

Taking the young and their revolution seriously...writing about their ideas in a mood that is neither patronizing nor antidotal... wondering why "adults" don't recognize their own ideals in the young...These are the timely virtues Michael Novak practices in his searching critique of our civilization. They make his book as wise and human as it is intelligent and profoundly Christian.

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or that whatever gains it effected along with other 20th century theological efforts should be wholly repudiated. But the secular theologians' method of waking up the camp was more than that of merely reporting on the present state of modern man and modern society.

The theology of the secular city was in reality a theology of prophecy. Secular man and his city were to come. This was not the vision of the future seen by sociologists, politicians, or analytical historians. (It is in the latter category, and not as theologian, that Mr. Marty classifies himself.) The champions of the secular city can be faulted both anthropologically and theologically. Their model of man is altogether too narrow; their Jesus-without-God, idolatrous. Far from being so certain about the future, the historian prefers to wait and see. He is also aware, considering both past and present, that a strong argument can be made for *homo religiosus*. "Man," as Neitzsche said, "is an indeterminate being." Perhaps ahead is a religio-secular model of indeterminacy.

Is a Theology of Hope the successor to the Theology of the World? Here Mr. Marty is properly cautious. As he says, his whole argument is "a criticism of nervous theology, of Christian thought which is fickle, jumpy, viscous." If certain demands of the new theology can be met, it may indeed be truly the theology for a usable future. Among these demands is that the new theology be oriented toward action (in that sense, "relevant"); that it be fully cognizant we are in a world of sudden change, that it be people-directed, tolerant of pluralism, diversity, and disparate cultural backgrounds, and mindful of the folly of making positive predictions about the future. A theology of hope also "waits and sees." At the same time, lest it, too, succumb to mere "relevance," the new theology will emphasize Jesus Christ and God in a way that the secular theology had distressingly evaded.

With all his emphasis on hope, Mr. Marty is impressively aware of Christian inertia and defense of the status quo. Because the majority are inert, reliance must be placed on a creative and involved minority. Secular ecumenism, or Christian alliance with non-Church, non-Christian groups is needed. Mr. Marty recognizes that advocacy of such an alliance may be misunderstood and carefully makes his distinction between the private and public lives of the Christian Church.

Misunderstanding may also arise from what is said about the Church and the contemporary call to revolution. On this Mr. Marty opts for Ricoeur's "ethics of distress" rather than for a "theology of revolution." He quotes approvingly Hannah Arendt's paraphrase of Luther, "The most permanent fate of God's word is that for its sake the world is put into uproar. For the sermon of God comes in order to change and revive the whole earth to the extent that it reaches it." "Uproar" first; Christian innovation after. In his last chapter, having discussed the possible future role in the Christian Church of its triumphalists, its defeatists, its retrenchers and adaptationists, Mr. Marty casts his own vote for the reformer-renewalists, even with all the risk to the Church that might ensue from their leadership.

Written in a prose of unfailing readability, *The Search for a Usable Future* provides all the delight of following a first-rate mind in action. In short, a rare—and inspiring—intellectual treat.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 35)

responsibility for the choice rests with American businessmen.

(REV.) JAMES A. CLARK

(Fr. Clark is the author of The Church and the Crisis in the Dominican Republic.)

Bellevue, Neb.

To the Editors: "Yes We Have No Bananas" [Jan. 17] seemed to be a postscript to the letters I received from anesthetist Marcelyn Tagget of the Jose Maria Cabral y Baez Hospital in Santo Domingo. Miss Tagget, my cousin, is with CARE Medico and the problem

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recorded by Miss Shereff—"2-5 hours are spent by lantern light each night, without electricity in the water pumps or refrigerators"—is a very real one to her. Imagine yourself a patient on the operating table when the electricity is stopped! Our Christian Family Movement in St. Mary's parish, Bellevue, Neb. is attempting to solicit funds for a portable electric generator for the hospital. Only $130.00 is needed for such a venture. MRS. CLAUDE T. CRESWELL

Summing Up

Shanty Bay, Ontario

To the Editors: Your issue entitled "Israel" (Jan. 24) is a keen disappointment. . . . More important is the fact that the central article is so astonishingly inept, inchoate and so subjective. A look at suffering refugees in Jordan makes Mr. Southwick decide where lies ultimate justice in this complicated situation. Presumably, if he had happened to see some of the victims of Arab raids across the border, he would have reached the opposite conclusion. I will not go on, but I have never read such an inferior article before in *Commonweal*. It was not up to your standards. It should have been refused by the editors. I sympathize with the four writers who were expected to comment upon such an unsatisfactory article.

GENEVIEVE HOLDEN

Worcester, Mass.

To the Editors: To be misunderstood on an emotional issue is perhaps inevitable [see "Israel: Its Dilemma and Ours," Jan. 24]. However, I feel I must make the following responses to some of my critics:

To Marc H. Tanenbaum, who quotes me as saying that "Palestine was an Arab country." I never wrote or thought any such thing, and I am at a loss to understand why I am accused of doing so.

To Bruno Hussar, who implies that, due to my "complete misunderstanding of Israel," I went back home confirmed in my prejudices. Exactly the opposite is what happened.

To Claire Huchet Bishop: Does not living in a land for a millennium and more, as the Arabs have done, amount to "continuous occupancy"? If not, what is continuous occupancy?

To Robert Marshall: I did not "castigate" the Israelis for "backsliding." Most of my best friends are backsliders. I merely noted that the fires of orthodox religion are burning low among the Israeli people, a fact presumably for some importance to a state that insists on its Jewishness above all else.

To Paul Reynolds: If the "white Left" finds itself in a "dilemma" when Negroes go anti-Semitic, then the white Left deserves contempt. I find myself in no dilemma whatever when it comes to anti-Semitism, or any other variety of race hatred, no matter what the source. ALBERT B. SOUTHWICK

COMMUNICATION WORKSHOPS: April 25-29; June 11-15, 20-24; July 2-6, 14-18, 23-27; August 18-22, 27-31; Sept. 10-14. Open to all adults. Age generally 30-55. Exceptions made. Five day experience of communication in community. Personal development through studying current theories of interpersonal communication, interacting in guided small group laboratories, worshiping with cross-section from adult Christian communities. Experienced staff. Over 900 participants to date. Write: COMMUNICATION CENTER #1, Workshop B, 1001 Union Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 63113.

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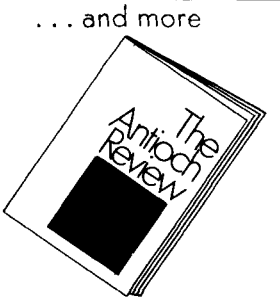

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ALL RHETORICAL QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

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"I know that peace does not come through wishing for it—that there is no substitute for days and even years of patient and prolonged diplomacy."

—Richard M. Nixon

HOW "PATIENT" MUST WE BE?

Mr. Nixon, we refuse to be patient about the killing

- Since your inauguration, over 25,000 troops have died in Vietnam.
- Since last March, when Mr. Johnson limited the bombing of North Vietnam, over 170,000 troops have died in Vietnam. The number of U.S. troops killed in that period was over 12,000.
- Since we have been involved in the Vietnam war, over 572,000 troops have died. Who knows how many civilians?

Mr. Nixon, we refuse to be patient about the suffering of the innocent

- As of January 1, 1969, there were over 1,000,000 refugees in South Vietnam.
- Civilian casualties have been estimated at over 100,000 per year.

Mr. Nixon, we refuse to be patient about our destruction of Vietnam

- We have destroyed over 2,000,000 acres of land in Vietnam by the use of chemicals.
- "We didn't want to blow down the village, but we couldn't get them out any other way." So said an American major after the destruction of Tanhiep on February 27, 1969.
- Since the Paris Peace talks have started, WE, not the "enemy," have taken the offensive. In contrast to only one battalion-sized operation initiated by the other side since the bombing halt, in November alone American and South Vietnamese troops staged 727 such operations.

To our fellow Americans: You were wrong. Exactly one year ago, March 31, 1968, the bombing of North Vietnam was curtailed. At the same time President Johnson withdrew his candidacy, declaring his desire to achieve a peaceful settlement of the war. You thought the corner had been turned. You were wrong. A year later our country is on the same bloodied and blundering course in Vietnam.

Some people said Vietnam was "Johnson's War." Now we have a different president but the same war. The new president wants to keep his options open. Two thousand American boys and nine thousand Vietnamese have died since we got our new President. Theirs is the sacrifice required to keep open the options of continued war. More death should not be a live option.

Passover and Holy Week are times of decision. The way of the Exodus and the way of the Cross inspire the resolve to pursue God's will for man's healing. Now is the time for turning; from war to peace, from death to life.

We know that millions of Americans share the anguish we express. If they have been silent heretofore, we plead with them to speak up now, and pledge them our support. If they have spoken earlier and felt no resonance of public response, we plead with them to speak again.

Since the election of Richard Nixon there has been a tailing-off of anti-war activities. During this period we have continued to grapple seriously with the issues and avoid the double temptations of irrelevancy and slothfulness.

By beginning to press for amnesty for men of conscience, by continuing to support more than twenty field staff in various parts of the country, by sending the Rev. Thomas Lee Hayes to work among American exiles in Stockholm, and through many other concrete actions, we have endeavored not to be deflected from our task.

We need your help. Join us!

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